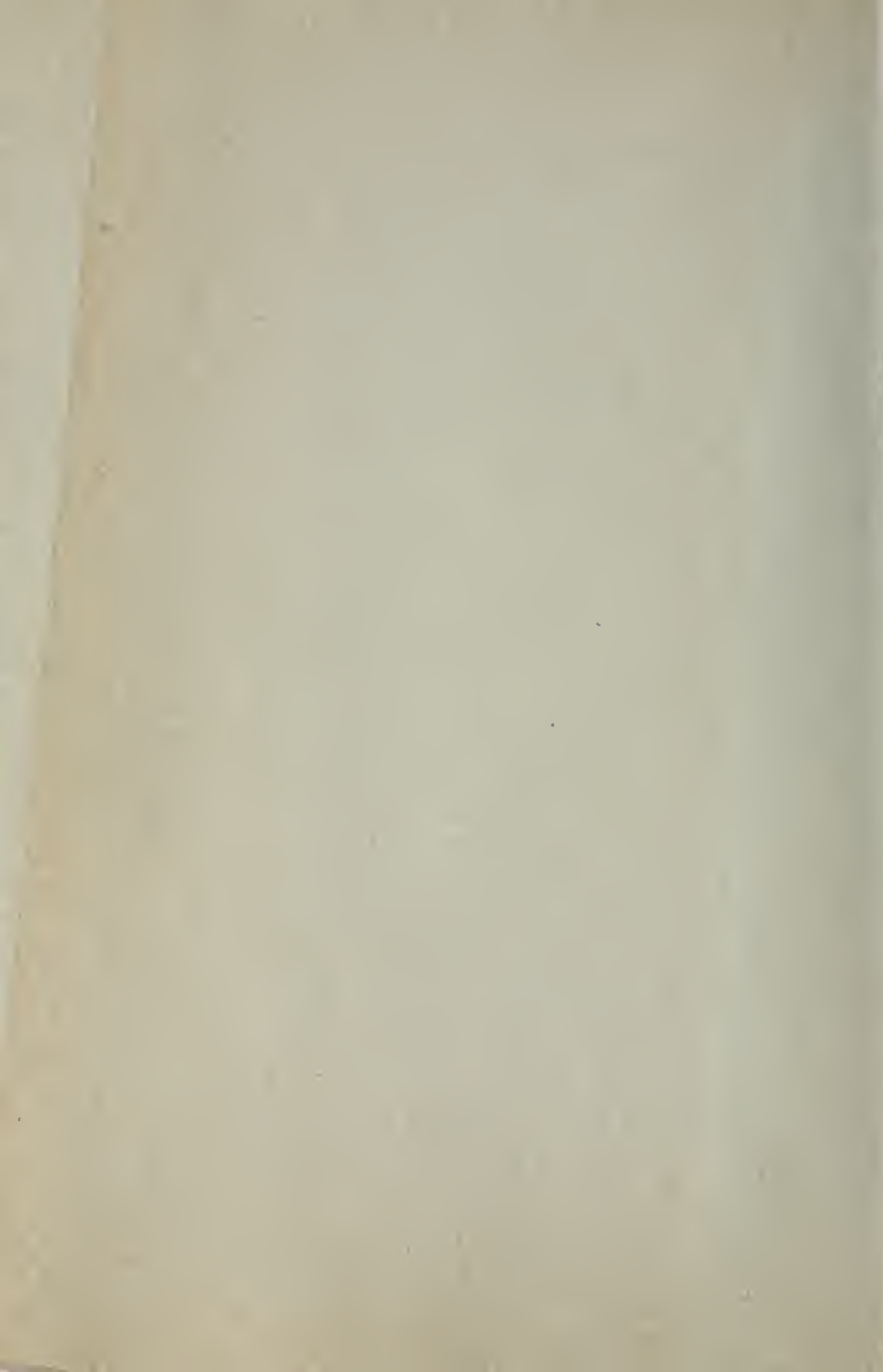


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SIXTEEN SUMMERS x

A Memorial

OF

LIZZIE S. BUTLER

DIED IN BOSTON

MAY 26, 1882

BOSTON

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LIZZIE S. BUTLER

DIED IN BOSTON

MAY 26, 1882

AGED 16 YEARS, 3 MONTHS, 26 DAYS

“ SHE WAS THE SUNSHINE OF OUR HOME

AN ANGEL TO US GIVEN

JUST WHEN WE LEARNED TO LOVE HER MOST

GOD CALLED HER BACK TO HEAVEN ”

“ Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God ”



LIZZIE S. BUTLER.

THE advent of a little child is a matter of such frequent occurrence as to pass unnoticed in the outside world. But in that little world, the family, it is a wondrous event, fraught with deep joy at the time, and laden with great hope for the future. An immortal being comes to us, bringing with it riches of love and joy which more than compensate for the added care and responsibility.

The coming of the dear child whose loss we mourn, kindled in her home a light which

was never to be dimmed by any act of hers, — a light never to be quenched, either in this life, nor in that which is beyond.

Lizzie was from infancy a child of rare loveliness. She seemed almost free from selfishness, wilfulness, and other traits incident to childhood, which usually try the most patient hearts in the training of children. She was remarkably even in her temperament, gentle in her ways, and so submissive in spirit that the will of her parents always seemed to be her will. She was very affectionate, tender-hearted, and grateful, and was susceptible to the smallest loving attention. Her heart was bound up in her parents; and her anxiety for their health and happiness, even in early childhood, was very remarkable. She manifested a delicate, care-taking spirit, which gave promise that she would be to those parents the strong staff and the beautiful rod in coming years.

When a very little child, she dictated the following letter to her absent mother : —

“How do you do, mamma? Ain’t you coming home pretty soon? I’m having a nice time at auntie Nellie’s; but I think you’ve been gone a long time. I want to see you and papa very much.

“I am not old enough to write, so auntie is writing this letter for me. I have been out with auntie to-day, and had a nice run on the grass. Remember, I love you dearly. I will give you ever so many kisses when you come home.”

When abroad with her parents, some years after this, she wrote letters to her brother at home, which were remarkably fresh and bright for a little girl of twelve years. She described the sights she saw in the Old World, told of the Jardin des Plantes, the Tuileries, and other places of interest. She did not forget the wonderful toys she saw in the shops, but examined

them, and wrote of them in a way to charm the heart of a little boy. She told, also, of the strange work she made in trying to speak French with messengers who came when she was alone.

In one of these letters, all of which were full of tenderness, she writes playfully, —

“I hear about your wanting to be an engineer. Oh, don’t! you ought to be a leather-merchant, like papa.”

There is, in nearly all her letters, a vein of playful humor which makes them entertaining to others, as well as to those to whom they were written. They all show a clear, bright mind, as well as a loving heart, and gave great promise for the years to come.

Her attachment to her young friends was very strong. While unable to go out, she

received a little gift from one of them, which she acknowledges thus : —

“It seems to me that you and M. have almost forgotten me. Why have you and she staid away so long? I appreciate your lovely card ; but I would much rather have the privilege of seeing you.”

Lizzie's circle of young friends was very large, and her associations with them were of the most gentle and affectionate character. She entered with enthusiasm into all that interested them, and never manifested any spirit that marred the peace or happiness of the little band.

She, however, showed marked character at times, always refusing to enter into any thing which she thought might not be strictly honorable. When, as children often do, her friends had “little secrets,” she always declined hearing them, saying, “I

don't want to hear any thing which I cannot tell my mother." She was a peacemaker in spirit; and her gentle influence will doubtless remain with her early playmates and her later school friends, long after childhood with its joys and its follies has passed away.

In school her deportment was such as to win the love and approbation of her teachers and fellow-scholars. She was conscientious in her work, obedient and respectful to her teachers; and her gentleness was such as would lead others to emulate her example.

These teachers speak of her as faultless in her conduct, and in every way above censure, and as striving to the utmost to make the best use of her many advantages. Mrs. H. with whom she was for some years, Miss H. in another part of the city, as well as her music teacher, bear their loving testi-

mony to all that was pure and lovely, as well as strong, in her character.

But such was her modesty, that the praise she received from teachers and friends was often a pain rather than a pleasure to her. She felt it to be undeserved, and so shrank from accepting it as her just due. She had little appreciation of herself; so that, while constantly doing something for the happiness or benefit of others, she felt that she did nothing.

The intensity of her love for her parents seemed the ruling passion of her life. This, as well as the care she took on her young heart in their absence, is shown in the following extracts from her letters to them. She writes in March, 1880, —

“MY DEAR LOVELY PAPA AND MAMMA, — I received your lovely letter; but I am awfully, *awfully* sorry that my dear, dear papa is not better. But I hope he is so now. I am sorry you didn't

have good weather; but we didn't either. To-day is lovely, and I hope it is so in Washington, — only, perhaps, a little warmer, — and will be all the time you stay there.

.
“I look out for Charlie's luncheon: so *don't* worry at all.”

At a later date she writes, —

“Now, papa, you must not feel like coming home yet; but stay until you are better. But you don't know how I miss you both.

.
“Oh, do have a good time! I do hope papa will be well and strong again, and cheerful, and happy, and free from pain. I don't forget you in my prayers.”

And here again she shows the care-taking heart of a sister towards her little brother: —

“Charlie lets me see to him now. This morning he let me put his necktie on, and fix his hair.”

As if this were a great privilege.

Thus she sought to relieve her mother's mind of care by taking such little services on herself, instead of leaving them to those less interested than she.

Again she writes, showing the sacrifice she was making in urging her parents to remain away in hope of her father's regaining his health, while her own heart was yearning for their return, —

“I got papa's beautiful letter this morning, and am so glad that he is better, and has that lovely appetite.

“To-day is beautiful. The snow is on the trees, and the sun is out. I hope you have just such a lovely day, only, perhaps, a little warmer.

“Why don't you stay longer, as long as papa and you are having such a lovely time? I am real glad that every one is so kind. I shall prize those flowers, and keep them as a remembrance.”

In another absence from home, she writes to them, —

“I hope you are enjoying yourselves. Just be happy, and get well, and make us happy. I will ask God every night to bless the means used for papa’s recovery.”

“What is home without a father and mother? Oh, I don’t know what I should do without you! If this journey does — as I hope it will — make papa better, it will pay us for the separation.”

“MY DARLING PAPA AND MAMMA, — I thought I would write a letter to you to-day, and have it there for you when you arrived. I hope the journey will strengthen papa, and that you will both be benefited by it. You must have no anxiety whatever about home matters, for I will try to do my part all round. . . . Now, don’t get lonesome. Just have a good time, and forget every thing and every body but yourselves.

“I received papa’s lovely letter, but you didn’t say how you were. Now, my dears, how are you? We miss you dreadfully. . . . Dr. W. has taken a

great interest in your welfare, so do take his advice. We ALL miss you BOTH DREADFULLY."

"MY DEAR, DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA, — You don't think you will be gone more than a week, do you? Oh, I shall miss you so! I am in school now: so of course I haven't been at home to feel that awful lonesome feeling."

When she was so weak that it was a great effort for her to write, she sent the following, on a decorated card, to her father at his store: —

MY DARLING PAPA, — Dr. ——— says I am in a much better condition to-day. Oh, you should see the lots of medicine he has left for me!

Be sure to come home early to your loving daughter,

LIZZIE.

Lizzie's affection for her grandmother, — a lovely Christian woman, whose traits of character she had in a large measure inherited, —

was very great. Her birthdays were always remembered by Lizzie, as well as every Christmas, with gifts of love wrought by her own hand, or purchased with care expressly for her pleasure. This love and tenderness was mutual and was very beautiful.

When Lizzie saw the grief of the family at the death of this dear friend, she said, "Mamma, you are afflicted by grandma's death; but so am I." Perhaps no one had thought of trying to comfort her in this great family sorrow.

Lizzie was blessed with faithful Sunday-school teachers, who were deeply interested in her, as well as all the others committed to their care.

One of these, Mrs. C., writes to her in 1879, —

"I cannot resist the impulse of telling how much I missed you from the class on Sunday, and how sorry I was to learn through H—— that you

were detained on account of a sore throat. . . . I have felt drawn towards you ever since the pleasant little talk we had during the Tabernacle meetings, and I have never lost the interest in you which I then expressed. . . . I have many times thought of you, and breathed a prayer to Him who is never deaf to our entreaties, that He would early lead you into those paths which are so full of precious promise to the young."

During her illness the same teacher writes to Lizzie from a foreign land, —

"Your mamma's letter came this morning, telling me of your continued ill health, for which I am heartily sorry. After hearing of your faith in the power of prayer for healing, I hoped to learn that it was the will of the great and kind Physician to restore you to health. But, oh! how glad I am to know that you trust Him, although He has not answered prayers yet, as you, and all who love you, wish that He might: still you can say, 'Not my will, but thine.' How much more we gain through suffering than in the pleasures of the world!

How near we are brought to the heart of Him who knows all about us, and who delights in being our comforter ! I think of you many times, and shall pray that your faith may sustain you in all your sufferings, and that it may be His will to restore you to health again."

Her last Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. S., wrote her, during her illness,—

"I missed you from the circle (Mission Band), dear, and to-morrow I shall miss you, as I always do, from the Sabbath-school class ; for it has always been a great comfort and delight to me to be able to turn to you, and feel assured, by your prompt answers to my questions, that your thoughts had been given to the lesson before coming into the class."

We could fill many pages with letters and notes from these faithful teachers, who, while mourning her loss, must rejoice in the result of their loving efforts to lead her to Christ.

The visits, letters, and gifts, particularly a little book from Mrs. S. called "Quiet Hours," were great blessings to her, — blessings for which she always expressed gratitude.

Lizzie's tastes were all delicate and refined. When abroad with her parents, though but twelve years old, she entered with an enthusiasm worthy one of more years and training, into the grandeur and the beauty of the Old-World treasures of art. The picture-galleries were her constant delight; and she enjoyed the works of the great artists with a discrimination remarkable in one of her years; and their charm lingered with her, and led her to long for skill with the pencil and the brush. In her childish way she began the work at first, and wrought on with great energy, not only while in health, but all through her illness, even down to the last day of her life, when she put the finishing touches on

a picture of her mother, whose face was so dear to her. Her teacher still came to give her lessons ; and pain and weakness seemed to give way before her great desire for improvement in this direction.

Lizzie was always a thoughtful, earnest child ; but, at the time of the Tabernacle meetings, her attention was more particularly called to the relation of her soul to God and the world to come. And ever after that, till a short time before her death, she seemed to be seeking the Saviour. Then she came into the full light that shines on the path of those who love and trust him.

Of course, in one of her quiet and amiable disposition, there was no very marked outward change ; but all who associated with her saw that she had chosen the true riches, that her heart was fixed, trusting in Christ,

and that her chief desire was to honor and serve him in the world.

Among the sweetest memories of her family are the sabbath evenings when they, and the few relatives who always joined them in their home at that time, used to sing sacred music, Lizzie leading them with the instrument and the voice, — joyful in the society of the friends she loved, as well as in the soul-refreshing songs they sang.

In the summer of 1881 her health, never robust, began to fail; and what her friends had regarded as only a delicacy of constitution took on alarming symptoms. The best medical skill was employed, and all that the tenderest love and care could do was exercised, to avert the dread malady. Hope succeeded to fear, and fear to hope, for long months, till the truth could no longer be hidden from the hearts that loved her.

But she did not give up the bright hope of going again to school after the vacation of '81. She prepared to go, and even had her books strapped to be ready for the opening day.

When that day came, she would have gone but for the earnest entreaty of her mother, who felt that the effort would be too great a strain on her feeble system. She yielded her own wish and her purpose, as she thought, just for the time. She requested her school friends to inform her of the lessons, that she might keep up with her classes. She requested her father to buy her the new French book they had adopted in the school, which he did. And then she studied to keep up with her class, in the full expectation of joining them at no distant day.

But that day never came.

One by one the innocent pleasures and simple duties of her young life were dropped.

The unmistakable approach of that insidious foe that makes such havoc with the young in our rigorous climate, was no longer to be mistaken.

But Lizzie's own heart remained strong in the hope of recovery. She maintained a calm and unwavering trust in Christ. She clung to life, and to the love of her friends, with all the ardor of a young heart which had seen only its sunniest sky and its fairest flowers. She had tasted the sweets of life, but never that bitter cup whose draught so often reconciles the older and the less fortunate to death. She craved life for its own sweet sake, as well as for the enjoyment of family love, and in hope of usefulness in the cause of Christ. In her strong hope, she had said more than once during her illness, "Dr. W. cured papa eleven years ago, and maybe he can cure me." And yet, with all this strong desire for health and life, she was never once heard to mur-

•

mur, nor to complain at unfavorable symptoms. She was never restless or anxious in spirit, never despondent. Through all the long months of languishing and pain, she never lost her trust in God. When the hearts that loved her were failing from fear, she made it her task to strengthen and uphold them. It was all right, however great her suffering might be. All through the dread ordeal she manifested the same submission to God's will that she had always done to that of her parents. She felt it her duty, after her conversion, to acknowledge Christ openly in the ordinance of baptism; but, with the shrinking delicacy so natural to her, the publicity of the act assumed the form of a real cross before her. She shrank from taking up this cross, as many who are older and stronger than she shrink from taking up the crosses in their way.

Her fast-failing strength forbade her going

forward in the ordinance, as she doubtless would have done, with others of her Sunday-school class.

When the day appointed for the ordinance came, she was hastening on to that deeper baptism wherewith He was baptized before entering into His glory.

As is common with patients in her disease, the hope of final recovery never failed her. But her trust in the Saviour, whose love and tenderness exceeds all earthly love, was not, therefore, in vain. He gave her more of life than she had asked for.

Lizzie had driven out almost every pleasant day during her illness.

One day, very shortly before her death, her father came home early from business, and told her he had done so on purpose to go out with her. She seemed highly gratified at this; for his society was one of her greatest delights.

While in the carriage she seemed very happy, and said, "O mamma! this seems like heaven below, to be here all together."

But her last day came, when she was no longer able to go forth into the beautiful world which had so many charms for her. Unconscious of her alarming condition, she wanted to go out as usual; but she was easily dissuaded from doing so.

When her aunt H. came in, she said to her, "Lizzie, I think you look brighter this morning;" and she replied, "I have been praying all night, auntie, that the Lord would make me well, and I think he will."

She then said, "I will be quiet now for a little while, mamma, while you and auntie sit here beside me."

When her physician — whose kindness and attention for years had made him also a friend — came in, she asked him if he could not give her something to ease her cough.

He replied, "Yes, dear child, I will do so."

But the foe, who is mightier than the most skilful earthly helper, was rapidly approaching, and asserting his power over the dear child.

When Lizzie saw her father at home at this unusual hour, she asked the reason, adding, "He must either be ill, or he must think that I am worse." She also asked what the doctor had said about her case.

It then became the agonizing duty of her parents to break the solemn truth to her; and her father told her that Dr. W. had said that he could do nothing more for her.

She replied promptly, "But if he cannot heal me, papa, the Lord can, and I think he will."

Then her father spoke to her of the beautiful world to which she was so soon going, and of the loved ones she would meet there.

She replied, "This is a beautiful world, papa. I would like to stay here."

At eleven o'clock at night the restlessness ceased; and life, unconsciously to herself, ebbed gently away. The dear eyes that had closed here in weakness and pain, opened on the glories of the eternal world, and upon the face of the Lamb who is the light thereof, whom, not having seen before, she had trusted with unquestioning love.

A heavenly smile lighted up her face, as if the spirit, in crossing the narrow line that divides the two worlds, had caught such a glimpse of the eternal glories as left its impress there.

Her life closed May 26, 1882.

Nothing which love and sympathy could do to soothe and to cheer her in her illness was left undone. Her parents acknowledge with gratitude all the kind attentions of her

faithful and beloved pastor, her physician, her Sabbath-school teachers, and a host of friends whose visits, letters, and gifts of flowers, fruits, and books, gave her so much pleasure.

They sorrow not as those without hope. They realize fully that God has only taken home his own child, and that they will soon meet her in that world which will be made brighter by her presence there.

And yet, after all the consolation revealed in the word of God, their human hearts are sorely stricken ; for she who was the light of their home, and the joy of their hearts, has passed beyond their loving gaze and their agonized call.

But still, while they cry in spirit, "Pity me, oh, my friends ! for the hand of the Lord hath touched me," they can also say to that most compassionate of friends, "Thy will be done."

“Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love with deathless wing shall waft us
To those we loved and mourned for here?
Hearts from which 'twere death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us, and be lost no more.
And when wearily we wander,
Asking of earth and sea, ‘Where are they
Beneath whose smiles we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?’
Hope then lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
On whose portals yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.”

From the scores of letters, full of sympathy and comfort, received by her parents after Lizzie's death, we make the following extracts.

Mrs. C., one of her Sunday-school teachers before referred to, writes from the Tyrol, —

“There must be comfort for you in the thought that your loss is her eternal gain ; that though she cannot return to you, you will surely go to her. How near these thoughts bring the heavenly home to us ! Do we not so follow those who are gone as almost to enter in spirit that blest abode ? Is it not thus that we get nearer to Him who knows all our sorrows ? What sweet experiences He gives us, even out of our bitterest griefs ! God grant that his most precious gifts may be yours in this great affliction.”

One who had passed through the same deep sorrow before, and who has been called since then to lay the dearest of all friends in the grave, writes, —

“I know that human sympathy at such a time is powerless, and that God alone can bind up the crushed heart ; yet I could not refrain expressing to you my deep sorrow. No one can realize, but those who have passed through the same affliction, how agonizing it is to the feelings ; and none but

a Christian can know the comfort it is to feel that our heavenly Father has done it. It is but the carrying-out of plans formed for our best good. God grant you the light of his countenance, and true submission to his will.

“L. M. C.”

“I was with you (in spirit) during the day on which you laid Lizzie away; and I prayed that your heavy sorrow might be lightened by the thought of the bliss into which she had entered, and by the presence of the Divine Healer, who alone can comfort you. Her past life was beautiful, and her future is to be an eternal round of service and praise for Him she loved. Is it not a pleasant thought, that as you work for the Master here, though with blinded eyes and aching heart, you are more than ever hand in hand with the angel-child who does his bidding in the bright world to which she has gone?”

“M. B. M.”

“We will not grieve for the dear one who has just passed from earth’s springtime into the eter-

nal summer of her heavenly Father's love; yet, in our human loneliness, we cannot but mourn over blighted hopes, and the sweet, vanished presence, while the empty, aching heart waits in the sad silence for the hushed and holy coming of its only Comforter.

“May His peace abide with you!

“A. G. E.”

“I assure you that I have both a comprehension of the greatness of your bereavement, and a sympathy born of an experience not exactly the same, but perhaps as keen in its anguish. My brother was as dear to me as any human being could be; and my sorrow for him is as fresh to-day as it was twenty years ago. It seems but yesterday since he was taken from me.

“I shall always cherish the remembrance of the dear one you mourn. She was a lovely girl in every respect,—so attractive and amiable, so full of promise for the cause of Christ, as well as for your family and herself. I confess that I find no explanation of such an event, except that the Lord had a place in the ministries of heaven *just now*, where

he needs just such a young and sweet spirit, and so called her up to higher service at once. Our reward for the loss will be in beholding her exaltation and eternal gain when we pass over. I have no special passage of scripture to prove this ; but I am inclined to believe it.

“May the Lord keep the shadow of the dark angel away from your threshold for many years to come !

“M. R. D.”

“I well remember, when I lost a precious child, that the sympathy of those who knew that special agony came nearer to me than that of all others : so I may hope that the tears falling for you in this far-off land may give you some slight solace — from one who has known your suffering as only those know who have trodden the same path.

“I hope you will remember that it is an unspeakable blessing to have had such a child as Lizzie, and that her lovely life leaves nothing to be deplored but her loss.

“L. A. S.”

“I know how you have prayed for her life ; and

perhaps in your darkness you have felt it strange that God, who has promised to answer prayer, denied your petitions. Ah! if we could only know all, and see the whole from the beginning, as does our heavenly Father, what seems dark and inscrutable to us would appear as bright as day. Do not look down, but up, for your dear one.

“Think of her, not in the grave, but in the loving arms of the Great Shepherd, who, bearing her before you, bids you to follow up to higher and better pastures. Let the assurance of her blessedness be your comfort in the sad hours when you miss her so much, and may the dear Lord comfort you as a mother comforteth her children!

“A. S. W.”

“Our hearts go out to you in all fulness. It seems but a day since we, too, trod the same dark pathway; and our own wounds bleed afresh as we realize the anguish you now suffer. But God in his mercy will surely give you help.

“S. L. D.”

And thus the sympathy that comes from a

common sorrow is poured out to comfort the bereaved, and to give promise of the support of the everlasting arm, — promise founded in a rich experience of God's pity in their own past sorrows.

A friend who had found consolation from these lines in a time of bereavement, sent them to these afflicted parents, hoping they might carry a ray of light to their darkened home : —

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God :

His likeness stamps my brow.

Through the shadow of death my feet have trod ;

And I reign in glory now.

No aching head is here,

No keen and thrilling pain,

No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear

Has rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of Heaven :

I am one of the angel-band, —
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing

Whom Jesus hath set free ;
And the glorious walls of heaven now ring
To my new-born melody.

Friends of my mortal years,

The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still through the valley of tears ;
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh, no !

For memory's golden chain
Still binds our hearts to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright ;

For love's electric flame
Flows swiftly down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence it came.

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

Lizzie's funeral took place at her father's house on Tuesday, May 30.

The love and grief of friends still followed the dear child, as was seen by the profusion of flowers sent in as their last offering to her. The house was like a garden; and the casket, which held the precious form, was covered with flowers of rare beauty.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Gordon, the pastor whose visits had been such a joy to her in her illness, and to whom she felt an attachment such as is rarely cherished by the young for their minister.



[THE services commenced with the following hymn, sung by the Sunday-school children.]

PARADISE.

O PARADISE, O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise !
'Tis weary waiting here :
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see, him near ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise !
I want to sin no more :
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise !
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either

side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

My sheep hear my voice, . . . and they follow me.

And the Lamb is the light thereof. And these are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

Behold, I come quickly.

Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.

He will swallow up death in victory.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air: so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

[The Sunday-school children then sang the following hymn.]

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour, art thou:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow :
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

REMARKS BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

IT is quite impossible for us, dear friends, standing in the mystery of such an event as this, to speak, except to repeat the words which God himself hath spoken to us. I could not attempt to fathom, to explain, or even to suggest the solution of this mystery,—a life so beautiful, so full of hope and promise and joyful expectation, cut off so prematurely, as it seems to us ; so much to live

for, and so much promise of a useful life ; and now all ended, so far as the earthly and human side are concerned. And so we can only stand in silence, with folded hands, with bowed head, and repeat the words which He repeated when he stood face to face with death : “ Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.” He for a moment seemed to seek to fathom the mystery of his own death, cut off, as he was, in the midst of his days. “ Father, what shall I say ? ” and then, as though meditating a moment, he answered, “ Father, glorify thyself ; ” and this was all. And so as we have to look on the dark side of the cloud which is turned toward us all, let us seek by faith to penetrate through to the brighter side, which is toward God and in the sunshine of his face ; for every expression that comes to us of grief is balanced by another of hope and of promise.

Absent from the body ? Yes ; and how painful the absence ! But present with the Lord ; and how joyous the vision ! Lost to human sight, and yet saved in the divine presence — saved from all possibility of harm, from the touch of temptation,

from the power of sin, from the possibility of evil, of accident, and of sudden peril; lifted beyond all this into the true paradise of God, where the angels walk, and where the Lord himself and his glorified ones keep guard over his flock, carrying the youth and the tender ones especially near his heart. And so we can breathe out the prayer, through the darkness, that we may be kept to join the one that has gone before, and enter into the same life and the same blessing.

“In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave her :
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive her.
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now she dwells with thee in light.
O Lord Jesus ! grant that we,
Where she lives, may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see,
That her heavenly food are giving.
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.”

I spoke of the human side. It is not all dark, by any means. How much of brightness! The calm faith that seemed to be ripening all through these months, so that when we spoke of life, the faith, the growth in grace, the quiet spirit of resignation, the tender love, and the submissive heart, seemed all the while to be pointing forward, as though they said, "She is ripening for the harvest." I have rarely seen in one so young such maturity of grace : never a murmur in all these months. I never yet once greeted her, that she did not meet me with a smile ; nor did I ever hear her once complain of pain or of weariness. I should not have known, from any thing that ever escaped her lips, but that she was in health, and in the enjoyment of perfect freedom from pain. Patience, how blessed the virtue ! and what light it sheds upon God's preparation for a better life ! And the faith that grew day by day, clear and unclouded, matured surprisingly, so that it even seemed to me, as I turned away from the bedside, that I had been talking to an aged Christian rather than to a child. And this flower of youth, with all the fragrance and

bloom and beauty, has shut up to the earthly scene, only that it may open itself to bloom the brighter in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. And we wait, and ponder the secret which we cannot fathom, and lift our eyes dimmed with tears, and press on the lonely way of life, missing one so dear, praying all the while that we may have patience to wait until God shall make known the meaning of his ways to us his servants.

Blessed death! Every thing to remember connected with it so precious! — the falling asleep, the quiet, serene setting of the sun. And now for a little while separated, but how little, and then the re-union, — father, mother, sister, brother, all who held each other dear, gathered once more into the household circle in the life beyond. And these thoughts come to us as the most precious that can comfort us in this sorrow.

And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and which the waves and the tempests can never disturb, keep our hearts as it is now keeping hers!

“ Her feeble bark has reached the shore ;
And life’s tempestuous sea is passed.
Trembling, she counts the perils o’er,
And yields a glad account at last.”

In the face of Jesus Christ, who saith unto us for our comfort, “ Fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore ” — in the face of Jesus Christ is the light that reflects in her face. God grant that it may reflect at last in the faces of us all, as we shall hear the words, “ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, we bow to thee in submission, in obedience, taking thy hand, and following thee into the darkness which we cannot fathom, and into the mystery which we cannot solve. O thou divine Creator ! thou didst fashion us in thy own image, and we know not, when death comes to mar that image, and cut off the life that was dear and precious to us, why it is so. Make

us patient to remember, that, beneath these severe afflictions, God's tender hand is guiding us, and that by and by, through the tears and the toil, the darkness and the disappointment and the bereavement, we shall be permitted to come into the light of thy presence, and to the glory of thy divine abode. O Lord God! thou who healest the broken-hearted, and bindest up those that are bruised, thou who art able to comfort all that mourn with gracious and exceeding comfort, we beseech thee that thy tender hand may be reached out to these thy servants, from whom thou hast taken the beloved daughter. Lord, that which seems hard to bear, and almost impossible to be endured, thou canst enable us by thy strength to endure because we see him who is invisible. Wilt thou graciously lay thy tender, soothing, gentle hand upon the hearts that are wrung with pain, silencing the grief, checking the tears, giving serene and joyful faith that rises above the storm and the wreck because it has caught sight of the light of glory.

O divine Redeemer! thou hast tasted death for every man; thou knowest all its bitterness; not a

pang in the cup, not a woe in the sorrow, but thou hast tasted it for us : therefore thou art able to comfort us out of thine own experience, and to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Manifest thyself in exceeding love unto these parents to whom thou hast come so near, and grant them grace to yield their hearts to thy will until the veil shall be lifted, until the darkness shall be scattered, until the grave shall be opened, until re-union in the presence of God shall be consummated.

We desire to praise thee for the beauty of this life, for that which our own ears have heard of the gracious testimony to the love of God, and faith in Jesus Christ. We thank thee that this young life became so matured, through sickness, in grace, and in the faith of the Son of God, so that we have such comfortable assurance, such joyful knowledge, that, in her departure out of this life, she has gone into a better,—into the presence of the Lord himself. O Son of God ! why should we mourn, when we remember that from which she has been saved,—the feet no longer to be weary with life's hard way, the hands to be no longer tired with bearing and

lifting human burdens, the heart never to be broken with pain and anguish that may come to some hearts here, the eyes never to be dimmed with the tears that may fill eyes here to-day ; beyond the weeping, beyond the death, beyond the darkness, in the eternal life. Oh, we praise and glorify thee for this ! And now, Lord, while we are here, bear thou the burden of our grief for us ; lift thou the weight of our sorrow ; ease life's journey ; help us in some mysterious way, which we cannot yet understand, through the darkness to come into the light, and through the weeping into the joy of the morning.

We commend to thee, O Son of God, the son and brother left alone. Wilt thou comfort his young heart ; and, though he cannot yet understand altogether the full meaning of that which has come to him, as the years go on, more and more he shall know of the loss which has come to him. Wilt thou beforehand prepare his childish heart to bear what shall be his burden of grief and bereavement. Comfort thou all the kindred, those that loved this child as a sister, the dear ones who were

associated with her in her school, those who were members of her class in the Sabbath school and who to-day are present, singing the hymns of comfort and of hope. Sanctify to them this loss and bereavement, and fit them to be as ready as she was, when the summons comes. Lord, bless us all! Grant that over this scene of mourning, of mystery, and of darkness, the rainbow of hope and the covenant of peace may be seen brightening above the clouds.

Son of God, Saviour of the world, have mercy upon us! O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us! O Great Shepherd of the sheep, who leadest thy flock, and guidest them, keep thou us, and grant that none of us may be plucked out of thine hand; and when the earthly shall be finished, and the gate of the unseen world shall open for us, one by one may we, through the grace of God, be permitted to enter in, and bid farewell, as this one has done, to sorrow and sighing and pain forever! O blessed triumph! O joyous and unspeakable hope! out of darkness into light, out of the earthly into the heavenly, out

of sickness into eternal health, out of what seems to us to be the grave into the resurrection life. Lord, prepare all our hearts for this divine and glorious consummation ; and so, pressing on our pilgrim's journey, may we come at last, all of us, into the heavenly world, to meet thee in peace, and to enjoy thee forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[The following hymn was then sung, and the benediction pronounced.]

BLESSED HOPE.

“That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”

I THESS. iv. 13.

BLESSED hope that in Jesus is given,
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
That soon, in the mansions of heaven,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,
We shall meet with our loved ones again ;
Blessed hope, blessed hope,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

Blessed hope in the word God has spoken,
All our peace by that word we obtain ;
And as sure as God's word was ne'er broken,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope ! how it shines in our sorrow,
Like the star over Bethlehem's plain,
That it may be, with him, ere the morrow,
We shall meet with our loved ones again.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope ! the bright star of the morning,
That shall herald his coming to reign ;
Oh the glory that waits its fair dawning,
When we meet with our loved ones again !

CHORUS.

The grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,
the love of God, and the communion of the Holy
Ghost, be with us all. Amen.

[At the conclusion of the services, the precious remains
were taken to Mount Auburn, where, after prayer by Dr.
Gordon, they were deposited to await the resurrection.]



[ON the sabbath after the funeral the following sermon was delivered in the Clarendon-street Baptist Church by Dr. Gordon.]

“And they feared as they entered into the cloud.”

LUKE ix. 34.

THE transfiguration was undoubtedly given as a foretype, or rather as a foretaste, of the glorified state. It is God's way, not so much to describe to us minutely the condition and occupations of the heavenly world, as to give us pictures of it which we may study and interpret for ourselves. Such is the scene of the transfiguration. It is a section of heaven,—a scene of the eternal glory let down upon the mountain-top for our inspection and study. “Shall we know each other there?” is the question which bereaved hearts ask again and again. “Shall we be able to talk to each other in the old familiar voice?” And no answer comes to these

solemn questions from the unseen world. But on the mountain-top we can read the answer in living letters. "And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease." And who were these men that knew each other, and talked with each other? Moses, who died, and was buried centuries ago; Elias, who was translated hundreds of years ago; and Christ and his three disciples, who were still in the body. For a few brief moments heaven comes down, and its gates stand open on Mount Tabor; and the living men enter into the company of the dead and the glorified, and all talk together of one great event. "Know each other?" Don't you see how these men, who had never seen each other on earth, are talking together like old familiar friends? If they who lived centuries apart are able to recognize each other, and to greet each other as old acquaintances, how much more those who have been members of the same family, and dwellers in the same home! Look not within the veil for the answer to this eager question: read the answer in this scene on Tabor,

wherein God has opened heaven to your eyes, and laid bare one of its tenderest secrets.

Observe now these three things connected with the transfiguration.

I. *The Cloud*. — “There came a cloud and *overshadowed* them, and they feared as they entered into the cloud.”

When Christ went away from his disciples, “a cloud received him out of their sight:” when his disciples go to meet Christ, a cloud will receive them into his sight. Death hangs its veil of mist and darkness between the life that now is, and that which is to come, dark, damp, chilling; and who has been able to enter that veil without a shudder? “And they feared as they entered into the cloud.” So it always is. The mystery, the separation, the gloom,—none can face these without a strange shrinking and faintness of heart. And you can see, on a moment’s reflection, what it is which gives this dreadfulness to death.

There is the change and separation which it involves. Do you not remember the sensations

which came over you, as you made that first great change in your life, when you left the home of your childhood to go forth into a strange, untried world? It was a very humble cottage, maybe, where you were born; but it was none the less dear for that. And as you entered the coach that was to bear you away, and as you looked back upon the old house, every window and every door hung with precious memories, what an aching fell upon your heart! What a feeling of sinking and suffocation, as you took your farewell look! Well, the body is the soul's house. Here we were born; and through these windows our eyes first looked out upon the world. It is only a cottage of clay, indeed,—very humble, and not worthy to be compared with that “building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,”—but it is very dear to us, notwithstanding. And when the summons comes to us to move out of it, the parting brings a bitter pang. And it is even more so when we part with others. The childhood tabernacle, which has grown up within our home, which we have tended, and ministered to, and adorned,—

can we see it untenanted, and laid in ruins, without a pang of unutterable agony? I am looking at the human side now, mark you, and interpreting the language of the human heart. And here we may be frank and honest, just as the gospel is; for the gospel gives us the human side before it gives us the divine: it tells us how the disciples feared upon entering into the cloud before it tells us of their exulting joy—“*It is good to be here, let us build three tabernacles.*” Death is not beautiful to experience, or pleasant to anticipate. However hopefully we may look beyond the cloud, there is none of us that does not fear to enter into the cloud. When an eminent Christian scholar was pining away with consumption, he wrote to those who would cheer him with better hopes, “Yes; but I shrink from the cold oblivion of the grave. Like a timid child, I dread to go out alone into the darkness. The firelight on the hearthstone of home is more attractive to me than the brightest star in the far-off heavens.”

And then again we shudder at the mystery of death. “Mystery magnifies danger.” Did you

ever stop to think that it is not what we know, but what we do not know, that troubles us most? If there is any thing about your business affairs which you do not understand, you are more anxious about that than about all the things which you do understand. You would rather know the worst than be ignorant of the best. And just so, it is the unanswered questions, the unsolved problems, the unfathomed mysteries, the impenetrable secrets of death, which weigh most heavily upon the soul. Tell me, O Death! where are my beloved ones, of whom thou hast robbed me? What are they doing at this very moment? How do they appear? What do they think of the great change which has come to them? Do they know what is passing in the home which they have left behind? We ask these questions, and yet no answer; only the hollow echo of our own voices borne back to us. Oh the mystery! Could we but fathom it! Yet we cannot; and it is the fact that we cannot, which gives us such a shudder as we enter into the cloud. Though we are assured of entering into light, death is, after all, a step in the dark.

“I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world’s altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

“I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.”

II. *The voice out of the cloud.* — “And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, *This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.*” When we look towards the cloud of mystery which hides from us the unseen world, we turn to our friends, to our teachers, and to pastors, for comfort. But there is only one who can speak comforting words to us, and that is Jesus, the Son of God, who died and rose again. “Hear ye him,” says God. And what does he say? “Fear not, I am he that liveth *and was dead*, and behold I am alive forevermore.” This is the voice of experience. We who stand on this side of the cloud do our best to comfort the bereaved. But what are our words compared with His who speaks

from *beyond the cloud*? He has passed through death ; he has felt the damp folds of that cloud inwrapping him ; he has experienced the darkness, the gloom, and the loneliness of the narrow tomb. And after all is passed he says, " There is nothing to fear ;" and then he adds, "*I have the keys of death and the grave.*" Ah ! that is glad tidings for you all. I cannot tell you with what power and pathos these words came to me not long ago. I was standing by an open grave at Forest Hills, where a father was about to lay away his infant child. I had finished my service, and offered my prayer, when the father stepped forward, and, with his own hand, closed the casket and locked it, and put the key into his pocket, and turned away homeward. " Ah !" thought I, " you can shut the casket, but ye cannot open it. You have the key that locks, but not the key that unlocks." And then these grand words came rushing upon my ears : " I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, and have the keys of death and of the grave. I am he that shutteth and no man openeth, and openeth and no man shutteth." That is what

we most want to hear. The Christian emperor Theodosius, after he had proclaimed a general amnesty on one occasion, and given orders that every prisoner should be released, said, "Now I wish I could do one thing more: I wish I could open the gates of the tomb, and give release to all that are holden of death." But lo! a greater than Theodosius is here. He says, "*I* am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." — "The hour cometh in the which all that are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." And this means re-union with our beloved dead. I care not now what special theory of the resurrection you may hold: it is enough that the word means the recovery of those that we have lost. The resurrection *gives us back* our friends, looking just as they did when they were with us, speaking to us in the same familiar tones, living with us in the same endearing intimacy, greeting us with the same loving words. Oh, what a voice is this that comes to us from beyond the cloud! A sunburst of glory breaking through the light of the tomb, to indicate the

brightness that lies beyond! Is that all? No. A clear, distinct voice from the other side of the grave is what we hear, giving us definite knowledge, and well established hopes, concerning the life that is to be after we have died. And one word of Jesus Christ is worth more than ten thousand words of mere human conjecture. "Ye, who through fear of death have all your lifetime been subject to bondage, fear not," he says, "I have experienced death, and can tell you all about it." There was once a famous cape called "The Cape of Storms." Mariner after mariner, in attempting to round it, had wrecked his ship, and gone down to be heard of no more. At last a bold and adventurous navigator succeeded in making the voyage. He rounded the cape, and came back in safety; and henceforth he gave a new name to the Cape of Storms, calling it "The Cape of Good Hope." Be of good cheer, says Jesus: I was dead, but am alive forevermore. I have rounded the Cape of Storms. I have conquered the terrors of death, and have breasted the waves of mortality. "Be not afraid, my beloved."

III. *The scene within the cloud.*—Moses and Elias talking with Christ in glory,—Moses from his lonely grave in Nebo; Elias from his fiery chariot in which he ascended; Christ from his weary journeys in Judæa and Samaria,—all gathered into one company; glory unutterable irradiating all faces; garments so white that no fuller on earth could whiten them; all talking together about one great theme: the death of Jesus Christ for the sins of the world. Dear friends, you have been wishing so much that you could look into heaven just for one moment. Here is a window opened for you. And what do you see? The saints of all ages brought together into one company. One was buried in the solitary mountain-top, one went down into the dark and stormy depths of the sea; one had been a dark and benighted heathen, one had been a refined and cultivated European; one spoke the ancient Hebrew tongue, one talked in the modern Anglo Saxon. But here they are, all gathered together into one company, speaking one tongue, interested in one theme, — “the

decease which Christ has accomplished at Jerusalem."

Behold their garments of white! No trace of sin or impurity can ever stain them: no soiling or defilement from an evil world can ever pollute them. "Let your garments be always white," says the Lord, speaking to us from heaven. But how can we keep them white, Lord, when sin confronts us at every corner of the street to defile us with its touch? But there, there is no sin, no tear of penitence, no night of sorrow, no contact with impurity; each garment white, and each form reflecting the whiteness of His which is like the snow, pure and glistening. Hear them saying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain, for he hath redeemed us!"

I have had one experience in my life which I shall ever think of as the most perfect illustration of the soul's entrance into glory. We were sailing towards the sunset. Yonder, right in our path, lay a dark, heavy cloud, so black and threatening that even the old mariners seemed to be eying it with dread. Nearer and nearer we came to it. Suddenly we struck it. There was a moment of dark-

ness and chill, and then we emerged ; and the black cloud lay behind us, but crowned with a most resplendent rainbow. So we shall plunge into the dark cloud of death ; but we shall emerge, and before us will be the throne, and “a rainbow round about the throne.” So, O mourners ! comfort yourselves with these words : “Eye hath not seen,” — no ; for our sight is not keen enough, our vision is not pure enough, to behold the glories of heaven. “Ear hath not heard,” — no : the ear is not delicate enough, the hearing is not acute enough, for the sublime melodies that are sung there. “Neither have entered into the heart,” — no ; for the natural heart is a mirror too stained and distorted to reflect the image of these invisible things. “But God hath revealed them to us by his spirit.” And by these revelations of the Spirit how many have lived in glory when yet in the flesh ! In the note-book of a young lady who recently died after a lingering illness, these words were found, penned in her own handwriting. They were her message from glory, to be read after she was gone.

“ O God, how strange, how beautiful,
 This new-found world of thine !
How rapturously thine angels sing !
 How lustrously they shine !
How softly flow these waters bright !
 How balmy is this air !
O God, I bless the outstretched hand
 That drew me safely here !

“ Dear Lord, how pure these old earth friends
 That me with welcome greet !
How strange it seems to me to sit
 So near thee at thy feet !
How sweet to have no sinful thought,
 No trembling doubt or fear !
My God, how deeply bless I thee
 For having brought me here !

“ Go, tell the friends I’ve left behind
 To weep no more for me :
I’ve passed through all my storms of life,
 I’ve crossed its angry sea.

Oh, tell them there was no mistake :

They must not shed one tear,
But join me in my thankful song
That I am well up here.

“Ah ! what see I? Already some
Have heard thy tender voice,
And, led by love of me, have learned
In thy love to rejoice ;
And now, if mid this jubilant praise
I may lift one more prayer,
It is that all from yon dear home
Through Christ may join me here.”

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